I. Thomas.

THE

THISTLE.

No. 1. *Tuesday, August* 4, 1807. Vol. I.

AN ORIGINAL WORK,

CONTAINING A GREAT MANY GOOD THINGS.

By RODERIC ROVER, ESQ.

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THE THISTLE.

An original, periodical publication, whimsical, moral, satirical, poetical, comical, critical, and political :—Containing many things of which people in general would not think ; and many of which no one but ourselves could think ; nothing indecorous, libidinous, or libellous, but much to the contrary :—In short, to quote the often quoted expression of Horace, it is intended to do good in a good natured way, DELECTANDO PARITERQUE MONENDO——Any man, who does not like it, may pay for it and not read it ; any man who is pleased with it, has the liberty of purchasing from one to an hundred copies, for the benefit of himself and family, as well as for the benefit of the authors, printers, publishers, and paper makers.

BY *RODERIC ROVER*, AND OTHERS.

SERMONE MODO TRISTI, SÆPE JOCOSO.

.....

To be a little serious, now and then,
Is well enough—but laugh whene'er you can.

At Home, 9 o'clock.

I RODERIC ROVER do solemnly declare that I now am, and for more than one hour last past, have been, in a state of great uneasiness and perplexity, arising not from my being in a strait between *two*, for that would be comparitively but a trifle ; but I am in a strait between more than an *hundred*. The Irishman, who was troubled with the clamour of seven wives at once, was little less embarrassed than I am at this moment.

Author's Introduction.

A periodical publication is to be established: and the mountain difficulty, which I can neither raze nor pass, is the discovery of a suitable *title.* It is an all-important consideration—*dignus vindice nodus*—Help, PALLAS, help.

What is a book without a title? Without title what is man, that the multitude are mindful of him? What would be no small number of our 'Squires, and inferior Judges, our Captains, Colonels, and Generals, if cashiered of title, and left with a bare *Mister?*

Top of the State-House, 10 o'clock.

What a height. What a prospect! I look down even on attic stories. The man who never ascended this cupola has no taste for the Sublime and Beautiful. I wish no acquaintance with such a man. It is indeed doubtful in my mind whether that man can be trust worthy, who has so little regard for what is good, as to come within an hundred miles of this place, yet not come here, tho' he has money enough in his pocket to pay his expenses. Why, this must be the very place Shakespere had in his eye, when he spoke of the "highest heaven of invention;" and yet, on this very dwelling place of Invention herself, I am perplexed in the invention of a title, a name, a mere name.

I will set my eye "in a fine frenzy rolling." I will examine all out-doors, till I find some appropriate object, from which "imagination may body forth" sufficient similarities to justify its reception for the title of this intended work.

THE THISTLE.

Author's Introduction.

And what do I see?—A Garden: but it is full of weeds, and the flowers are not. It won't do.

A Bee—it stings and has sweetness. But the devil of it is, those, who have gone before me, seem to have stolen my very best ideas from me—L'Abeille, the Wasp, the Hornet, are already the titles of books and papers—*Immitatores, servum pecus*—It won't do.

A Fly—dipping in every body's dish, biting every body's legs most *satirically*. It won't do.

Quere. Why has a fly *six* legs and only one pair of wings, while the eagle has but *two* legs to one pair of wings? St. Pierre says the fly needs four legs on which to stand, while she brushes her wings or washes her face with the other two: but, the eagle can stand on one leg, and scratch her head with the other.—Quere. Might not flies by perseverance be taught to walk on two legs? Memorandum. To ask *Jonathan Nichols* to write to his correspondent at Monticello, to know his opinion. Mem. To write to the Secretary of the Navy, to consider of the propriety of altering our national flag in all our seventy-fours, hundred gun, and other ships of the line; and paint the American Eagle with six legs, and ten talons to each: and thus frighten the Gallic Cock and the British Lion; give other nations an emblem of the spirit of our administration; and prevent saucy foreigners from ever again asserting that our Eagle has sore claws, or hides her talons in a napkin.

Author's Introduction.

A Wood—the unbending venerable oak of morality; the flowery locust of rhetoric; the cedar of stately sublimity. But this appellation has been used in old times and in new. Besides, wits may laugh and call it sterile pine plains, or North-Carolina barrens. Mem. To eulogize North-Carolina, in the course of this work, as the Athens of America, on account of Duncan McFarland, and their numerous orators, and poets, and divines, and lawyers, and historians; and on account of the excellency of their universities, and academies, and tar, and staves, and turpentine.—Quere. Is it not more dignified to say, Here comes Tom, and Dick, and Harry, and Tag, and Rag, and Bobtail; than in the simple stile of the vulgar to say, Here comes Tom, Dick and Harry, Tag, Rag and Bobtail? I'll ask the author of the Pursuits of Literature the very first time I see him; for much of his force is in AND.

The Mall—cool, refreshing, and pleasant; just as I mean to have the work. This will answer for the appellation during the summer, but in a strong winter northwester, it is cool enough to be sure, but not over pleasant and refreshing. It won't do.

Mem. This word Mall ought to be pronounced the same as Moll, in Moll Seagrim or Moll Pitcher. It is Mall, Maul, or Mawl, and signifies a club or bat. Our forefathers used to play, *under trees*, the game of Mall andBall; the same game that the learned students of Harvard call *Bat and Ball*. In process of time the trees

under which they played were called Maul or Mall. This is certainly true and no joke, and we indubitably ought to sound it as we do the first syllable in *Molly*, when she is so far off that you can't make her hear. However—*de gustabus non disputandum*,—if you chuse to say Mal, you may shelter youself under the authority of custom. You may say *Con*-cordance in preference to Con-*cor*-dance, says Dr. South, but I don't like your ear. And I Roderic Rover, give any man liberty to say *Rep*-ertory instead of Re*per*-tory, but I don't like his ear. Besides, do you not perceive that by accenting the first syllable, you are obliged to sound more heavily on *Tory*, which gives it "an awful squinting" as Patrick Henry has it, which may be avoided in a great measure by accenting the proper syllable?

The River—

"The gentle Spenser, fancy's fav'rite son,
Who, like a copious *river*, pour'd," &c.—

Roderic Rover, fancy's pleasing son,
Who, like a copious river, pours, &c.

This sounds well—A river, if not a fresh water river, has *salt*, but not of the Attic kind; and a river is extremely *watery*.—It won't do.

Flower-basket. But I mean to have something beside flowers. There are too *flowery* titles already—a plenty. Anne Thology, Polly Anthus: I wonder that Sall Magundi, or Emme Rald, have not the flowers, to their names. Meggy Lanthos or *Megalanthos*, great flowers; this title would beat them all—It won't do—I must

have thorns and thistles as well as flowers.—— *Thistle*—THISTLE—THISTLE—It has the softness of down, and will prick till the blood comes. —It will do; it will do. The name shall be, THE THISTLE, unless Uncle Isaac or Cousin Sam, object. I'll hie me home and consult them. Mem. Not to forget, the next time I come here, to describe some of the beauties of this most beautiful prospect.

In the room of my Great Uncle } Isaac Rover, 1 sq. 12 o'clock. }

Uncle Isaac. Well, Roddy, where have you been?

Roderick, i. e. myself. Been in misery all the forenoon, but am now in happiness. I have stumbled on a title for my paper: the *Thistle.*

Uncle Isaac. I see more modesty than propriety in the appellation. And what is your motto? that of the Knights of the Thistle, nemo me impune lacessit?

Cousin Sam. Nemo me impune lacessit. That is, no man touches me without catching the Scotch fiddle. [And so saying he fled, more meagre and more hastily than the ghost of Hamlet; with his right hand scratching his left elbow, and his left hand scratching his right elbow.]

Uncle Isaac. What shall be done for that boy Sam? One half of the time at least he is out of his senses. He would make an excellent husband for Cowper's crazed Kate. I overheard him last night straddling about his bed chamber,

at 12 o'clock, delivering an oration supplementary to that of Mark Anthony over the body of Cæsar.—In his study the other day I saw a blank verse address to Gun-Boat No. I. It began :

Thy thunder vibrates on a pismire's ear,
But cannot start the tympanum from sleep, &c.

Yesterday I asked him to draw me a little cider. He was gone to the cellar nearly half an hour. He came to my room, put forth the mug for me to take; his hair hung over his nose; he was pale; and a tear stood in each eye. Though he went for cider, his thoughts were so absorbed by other considerations, that he offered me an empty mug. What the devil ails you now, Sam, said I to him. "I have seen," says he, "one of "the most melancholy and heart-rending sights; "a poor unpropped, unsupported, unregarded, "unpatronised, unhappy, and, till now, unpitied "—Potatoe Vine, growing in the cellar, not two "feet from the cider barrel. I will write a "*Southey* ditty upon it."—He left the room; and this morning showed me the following

.....

PATHETIC ADDRESS

To a POTATOE VINE, *growing in a Cellar.*

"Full many a flower is born to *blush, unseen*,
"And waste its fragrance on the desert air;"
Saith the bard Gray—but thou, white vine, art *seen*,
And never shalt thou *blush*: like primrose pale,
"Thou diest unmarried, ere thou canst behold

Author's Introduction.

" Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
" Most incident to maids," as Shakespere saith.—
Yet, whether thou art male or feminine,
Unskilled in " loves of plants," I cannot tell;
But leave this question of most deep concern,
To heads botanic, and posterity,
Who have, or may hereafter have, the power
To solve the high dispute.—Yet art thou pale,
And lean and lank as Eloisa; she
That loved the love-*less* Abelard; and hence
I deem thee female.—Yet thou too art wan,
Long, meagre, famine struck, like Honé: he,
Whom the tall sage that guides the nation's helm,
Hath late rewarded for the love he bore
To Washington, to virtue and to truth.—
Hence should I judge thee male—But let that go.

Nun-visaged 'Tatoe vine, who can thy lot
" Dry-eyed behold ?" Ah, had it been thy fate
To suck the lustful beams of noon-proud Sol,
Thou might'st have had both flowers, and offspring fair,
As e'er Hibernian palate cheered.—Alas,
I now perceive, between thy state and mine,
Resemblance mournful—each condemned to want.
Thou needst the cheering sunbeams, to bring forth
Thy flowers of nature and thy fruits of worth;
I need, and much, a *golden* Phœbus too,
For flowers of poetry and fruits of worth.

But ere such days shall come, in this sad cell,
Declining drearily, shalt thou decay;
And ere such days shall come, ah vile to tell,
In cold damp poverty I pine away.

Author's Introduction.

Some vine, that might have been the garden's pride,
Assuredly thou art now condemned to die;
A "mute inglorious Milton," by thy side,
Shall I in sympathetic sorrow lie.

But, rhymes, away: Ill fit these jingling sounds
With theme and thought so mournful—Snowy vine,
My heartskin bursts with joy—I have a plan;
Like all my plans benevolent, but this,
Unlike most others, I can put in force:
Come, I'll transplant thee from this damp obscure,
And 'twixt the pink and tulip place thy stalk.
For, beauteous as they are, their beauty's all:
But thou art useful; and the great command,
For need of Irish and of other men,
"Increase and multiply," is not for them; [vine,
Whom well the world might spare.—Yes, smockfaced
I'll do for thee what none for me will do;
I'll be thy fost'ring kind Mecenas: thou
"Shalt live the lease of nature; yield thy life
"To time and mortal custom:"—But, for me,
Alas, alas, alas, alas, alas,
No rich Mecenas yields a single sous,
To save me from sad cell of debtors' dome;
To stop my hunger or regale my heart;
To yield so much of competence and ease,
That I might eat and drink, and take my staff,
And wander with the worthies of the world,
Of old or modern time, the hill around
Of high Parnassus, till I find the seat
Of brightest bards, I fain would imitate.

Author's Introduction.

Mad wish. For me Mecenas there is none;
No, no, not one would give a single cent,
Cheap as it is, to save me from a jail.

Moon-colored plant, here pine not in despair:
I'll take thee to a garden, not my own,
For none I have:—and Homer too had none;
Less fortunate his fate than thine shall be—
Homer had none, nor lands, nor tenements,
Nor goods, nor chattels; yet he had a soul,
That fed itself with food, which miser minds
Nor taste nor dream of—He possest a wealth,
Which goods and chattels, lands and tenements,
Can never give: and tho' perhaps compelled
To labor with his hands for daily food
And daily sixpence; with that sixpence he
Could purchase bark and ink; and leave the world
Such legacies as lands and tenements,
And goods and chattels, could buy never.—Come
And by the western wall, in some spare spot,
Mid useless flowers, live, thrive; and in due time
Bring forth; and I will eat—Yes thou shalt thrive,
And I must pine, and pinch.—"Oh, oh, 'tis foul."

Since *Sam* has been in this crazy and melancholy way, I have been very uneasy. I fear he will never recover. He has a good disposition, good talents, has seen much, and has read much, and, what is more, tho't much: but ever since that fall he had from his horse, he has been more than half of the time deprived of his reason: and all that he says, does, or writes, is exactly in

the manner of a sick man dreaming.—Why: yesterday morning, before sunrise, I was waked by a loud noise in the garret. I went there, and the first thing I beheld was *Sam*, at one corner of the garret, on an old flour barrel turned bottom upwards, in the most Demosthenean, Ciceronian, Chatham-itical, John-Randolphitical manner, with the utmost pathos, giving the details of one of the longest propositions in Euclid.—"Draw the line K. L." was enforced with more feeling and emphasis than ever were exhibited on the theatrical boards of Boston or London.—Such a stare—such force—such emphasis—"Draw the line K. L."—Sam, Sam, said I, what are you doing?—"Mr. Fennel," said he, "does well in his way: but, you give him the last column of the last page of the advertisements of the Columbian Centinel, or a moving lemma of Enfield, or a tristful proposition of Euclid, and he is a mere baby."—He was in his hysterics—I left him; bolted the garret door and chamber door, and finished my rest.

Something, Roddy, must be done for Sam: but of this we will talk more another time.

The THISTLE; the title of your intended paper, is well enough. Mere names are of trivial value. If lead be called diamond it will shine no brighter; the brilliancy of a name will not convert brass to gold. I hope you will succeed, but I have my fears. Boston folks are fond of *letters*, I'll allow; but they are such as appear on a bank bill, or note of hand.

My own room, 2 o'clock.

The title is fixed: a beginning proposed: I'll dine and do no more to day.—At present I can only say, that it appeared most poetically proper to "enter into the midst of things," (an expression of Milton, borrowed without credit from Horace's *in medias res*) and hereafter to honor the reader with an acquaintance with the whole family of ROVERS, here in town, and our country relations:—A comical race, but more particularly so my comically uncommon cousin *Sam Rover*.

THIS, THAT, AND T'OTHER;

WITTICISMS AND CRITICISMS.

....

By JOE, my BROTHER,

Who has promised to render me *every assistance* in the world: and can I desire more of him?

.....

How much of Montesquieu's Spirit of Laws is written in detached *paragraphs?* Montesquieu was a great man;—and I, JOSEPH ROVER, will write in distinct paragraphs.

.....

I Shall write sometimes one, and sometimes an hundred lines, on any subject that comes into my head. I can't attend to any one thing long.—It was just so with my father—He never half fin-

ished any thing he was about—and hence I have often thought his carelessness, long before I was born, occasioned my being such a queer genius.

. . . . . .

What unnumbered improvements, inventions, and discoveries have there been since the golden age. I am always looking at the public good, wherever I go—I went to market the other day; and observed the fishermen would hang 20 or 30 pounds of *Hallibut* by a mere thread of its *skin*. I reflected on the necessary toughness of the skin; and queried with myself whether or not the skin of a Hallibut, and perhaps of some other fish, might not be *tanned* for *boots* and *shoes*—I thought I would consult Doctor Ewell's Discourses on Chemistry; who somewhere speaks of a more cheap and easy method of tanning, than the usual way.

Did you ever read these Discourses?—I presume you have; for the Doctor declares you cannot justify, at the bar of Heaven, the neglect of purchasing the work, for your own good, and the good of your children, and grandchildren, and so on, quite to the tip end of the tail of posterity.—I understood nothing of chemistry; so I read the book quite through, in order to obtain some knowledge of the subject, and I am now about as much acquainted with chemistry as I was before.—I remember, however, that common table salt, by way of simplifying, is called *Muriate of Soda*, potash is *alkali*, charcoal is *carbon*, diamond is *carbon*, and man is *carbon*; therefore

man is diamond, and man is charcoal.—He goes on to reason and hope, that the time will, or may, or might come, when we shall be chrystalized, or diamonized, and live forever, soul and body, in great vitrified or diamonized houses—made of the *same materials.*

Nor is this all—we shall be able to obtain souls for new made men, without being indebted to Heaven for them.—Is this not rather blasphemous ? But not for him perhaps : for, if I rightly recollect, an allusion is but *once* made to a Deity throughout the whole work ; a work treating altogether of the mysteries, the wisdom, and the grandeur of the exhibitions of God.—It has a tinct of Atheism ; of the new school ;—But, as the Doctor is a young and very industrious man, I hope he will make many alterations, and some *omissions* in his next edition.

Now, as to the leather of Hallibut—I would have consulted some work on the subject of Tanning—

Yes, why not ?—I have never seen any work of this kind ; but such I hope and trust there are. What, shall we have vast different folio volumes on Cooking, with elegant plates of different courses, dishes, ducks, rabbits, cod, and turbot ? What, shall we be entertained with eloquently written and highly instructive essays on the best mode of carving a turkey, or slicing beef a-la-mode ? What, shall we have splendid engravings of these celebrated writers, who have lived a whole life in the kitchen of my Lord——*Blank,*

or the Prince of Wales; till they have become masters of the art of gormandizing, and are ready to astonish the literary world as authors..and authors indeed they are, in many a lady's library, more consulted than her bible...What, shall such works *be*, and authors on the necessary and useful art of tanning *be not?*..Yet I like to have my food simple, but *well cooked*...I don't get into a passion twice a year, except when victuals are spoilt by a bad cook.

Reader, whoever you are; and if you are a tanner, so much the better; if you have an inclination to try the experiment of making leather from Hallibut skin; (and *buckskin* gloves thick and soft, I am confident may be made;) you shall have half the profits arising from the patent of discovery..But I must have the whole of the honor. Thus, while Mr. Jefferson's whirligig chair, and Perkins' Tractors, and so forth, are becoming immortal; I can enjoy much honor and happiness by anticipating, in the two hundred and fiftieth volume of the Encyclopædia, for the year 2807, (250th volume; for knowledge will so increase that by that time there will be annually published on the first of January..(and they will make no more fuss about it then, than we do now publishing almanacs)..400 volumes of an Encyclopædia; and the letter R. will be in about the 250th volume.....There,....I've snarled up my meaning so mnch by these vexatious parentheses, (and parentheses are necessary and proper, notwithstanding the opinion of Dr. PEARSON) that I

fear I may as well begin again, after making the other part of the parenthesis, at a venture, right here)—In the year 2807, Encyclopædia, Vol. 250, under the letter R. "ROVER. Of this celebrated family, which flourished at the commencement of the nineteenth century, so many and so able biographies have been written, that it is unnecessary to say any thing: especially as their works are in the hands of every man, woman, and child, who have money to purchase them; and a taste for literature and humor, or a love for virtue."

"ROVER-LEATHER. One of the family just mentioned, the facetious JOSEPH ROVER, discovered the art of tanning the skin of Hallibut and other fish. Leather in a short time fell one half. Fleets were, as they still are, sent out annually, to catch Hallibut.....This was during the Presidency of one Jefferson; the same that discovered, by looking at the great gap in the Blue-Ridge, that "the mountains were made *first*, the rivers *afterwards* began to flow." This man, who was a great philosopher, and patron of genius, of all sorts, immediately sent to the first Rover leather manufactory established in Boston; procured a pair of these boots; which he constantly wore ever after; the tops of which exactly reached to the bottom of his much famed pair of red *quibus negatis doleat modestia.*——The example caught like wild fire; and not a family was without boots, shoes, gloves, buckets, saddles or something else, made of *Rover Leather.*

If two negatives make an affirmative, what will half a dozen negatives make?....A market woman going over Roxbury Neck, observed that she had left a box at some of the shops in town, the lid only being in the cart. She sent her husband back to enquire among a few shops where she must have left it. With an anxious inquisitive countenance he asked in several stores—— *Nobody does not know nothing about no box that nobody left here with no* kiver *on, as nobody knows on, does there?*

RODERICUS LOQUITUR.

So far had I proceeded when my friend I-RECTE, on whose knowledge of the town, good taste, and generally correct judgment, I much rely, called to see me. I stated to him my whole plan; the title of the intended work; the great assistance I expected from my relations, the whole family of ROVERS, who are all literary, "more or less," excepting one of them, who had never any thing to do with letters, but by purchasing, by virtue of his own execution, a poor printer's types; and one who was early taught to learn and to dread, the well known vowels I. O. U; and another who would have been a man of genius and letters, (for he can make five pair of women's shoes in a day,) had not his mother declared that as her oldest son had been bred up to college, had written poetry, studied law, been set in the pillory, and hung for using the *letters*

of another man's name; her other son should never learn a letter, but learn to make shoes. (This son is what is called a very respectable character, and a great politician ; but the only instance of his knowledge of letters, of which I have ever heard, was his scratching the letter S on his oven-lid. On asking for what that character stood ; for beanS, said he :—my little boy, who learns very fast, and who is so very sensible and forward, that I am "afeered" he won't live, says there is an S in beans—But S, I observed, is the *last* letter—Well, said he, the last shall be first: I know nothing about letters, and don't wish to : all your letter men are a pack of federalists.)

I showed my friend also three hundred and forty six paragraphs written by my brother JOE. The following dialogue ensued.

I-recte. It will never answer. Even your title is good for nothing. You ought to have had a sounding title, like "Thunder and Lightning ;" or some terrible and blazing title, like "Mount Etna ;" or some ecccentric title, like "Hiddle-ty-diddlety-piddlety ;" something new, something catching. Salmagundi never would have "taken" were it not for its title.

Roderic. That's a falshood : excuse me, sir, but I cannot bear to hear men of genius, when that genius is well directed, spoken of in a light manner. Salmagundi has obtained circulation by its merit, not its name ; by its wit, its tendency to correct manners, and expose foibles and vices.

I-recte. You ought to say much about the ladies....They have a great influence. They influence their husbands, many of them to *buy books;* and, in short, to do every thing they tell them to do.

Roderic. The ladies.....Can I live; and forget them?

I-recte. But you ought to introduce some *characters;* some history of some Boston female; let the name be starred *****. Tell some vile story of her, and you will have the whole town buying your pamphlet; for every body loves scandal.

Roderic. I hope I shall never seek a mouthful of bread nor a thimbleful of fame, by low and dishonorable literary tricks.....And, as to the ladies, you know they are, like the ladies of every place *on earth*, the very prettiest and the most virtuous of any ladies *in the world*.... I tell you most *emphatically*, I would not injure a hair of their *heads*....But some of their foibles, should I see any, I shall endeavour to correct in the most delicate, soft, and tender manner; so that they shall declare my Thistle, so far from *pricking*, is all *down;* and of course inoffensive.

I-recte. The people of Boston are called liberal; but they will not patronize you, unless you have something *striking*. And all depends on the first number. If they don't like that, they'll call it all trash and fiddle faddle, and you are upset as soon as you get into your carriage.

Roderic. I owe nothing to the people of Boston....(except some trifling debts, which I mean to pay as soon as the profits of the Thistle will allow it; and, if I don't, you know they can do without it, as they have done for years).... But the people of Boston, if they have any gratitude about them, will owe me something:.... And if they do not show their gratitude by buying the Thistle; I will show them that I am independent....I can obtain a clerkship in some bank or store, or I will write for the Chronicle, (as any trash will do there;) and then I'll write fine large folio volumes about certain persons in the town of Boston: they shall be more witty and severe than any thing Swift ever wrote; and I'll leave them in my will to my great grandson, (if I have any one before I die) to be published as soon as the present generation are all dead; and I'll assure you "their sons shall blush their fathers were *my* foes" But, if the town will use me well, and "do as they would be done by," it will be well for us both.

I-recte. But you must have some *characters*, some *portraits* of living persons, I tell you again. They will be sure to take.

Roderic. Why the whole family of the Rovers, with the exception of the one half of them, are biographers of public, private, and eccentric persons. My aunt Sally, the widow, has twenty three portraits of living persons in Boston, which she has woven into a novel, by way of episode; which novel she would have pub-

lished; but the booksellers, who you know do not read all the books in their stores, told her the rage had gone by, for reading Mrs. Ratcliff and Mrs. D'Aubney, and Mrs. Rowson: it was not worth their while to publish any more womanish novels---Of these portraits she has offered me fifteen, all about Boston folks---and when they are published in the soon to be celebrated Thistle, they will make some folks stare, and more laugh.

I-recte. And you must have much *local* matter.

Roderic. All affairs are *local* in the place *where they happen.* If you mean that something must be said about Boston affairs; I'll go directly to uncle Isaac and ask his advice and assistance.

UNCLE ISAAC's RAMBLE.

Instead of giving me any advice or opinion concerning characters, the old gentleman began with giving me a short history of his ramble in the morning.

Then it was, said he, half way between daylight and sunrise; I was half way between asleep and awake. I rose and drank my half pint of cider, then washed. Now,

Our good forefathers were such goats,
They washed their eyes before their throats;
But we, their sons, have grown so wise,
We wash our throats before our eyes.

Uncle Isaac's Ramble.

Did you ever before hear those lines? Your grandfather's grandfather, that is, my grandfather, told me, that he heard his grandfather repeat those lines when he was a boy: which proves that it must have been many long years ago that our ancestors washed before they drank.---The world, Roddy, is not growing worse and worse, every day; as many crimes were committed in it 4,000 years ago, as now.

I ordered my crutches, and hobbled up to the Common. Whoever gave that land to the town of Boston, to be used as a common *in perpetuum*, ought, Roddy, to have no paltry statue of gold, but one of solid diamond, as large as life: yet, tho' I have known it these eighty years I never yet heard who the donor was.

I have seen walks in all parts of the world, but I never saw one equal to that of the mall by the Common's side. That of St. James has a canal, but no large prospect, nor such a river as Charles; who is, at this moment, laboring to find his way into the country---which is very natural, you know; for many salt water creatures admire to snuff the fresh country air....Roddy, this is a fine river, and goes far into the country.... when the tide suits....yes,

> There is a tide in the affairs of Charles
> Which taken at the full leads on to—Watertown.

Roddy, in your Thistle, as you call it, don't forget to mention that there are *no seats* in the Mall

for lame old gentlemen like myself; nor for any who may wish to sit, after fatigue: this is a great oversight somewhere; and if the town will not provide seats, I'll have at least one made for myself; and I'll place it between the two trees that I helped to plant when I was 16 years of age.... There ought to be seats, Roddy; and there ought to be seats on Fort Hill....For the want of a seat I was obliged to give a little boy ninepence to bring me a chair on which to sit and rest myself. And there I read that confounded and confounding Sermon you lent me, spoken by your Salem Solomon, Parson Bentley. Roddy, what have I done to offend you, that you should insult me with the misery and vexation of reading it?....Why, it is the raving of the spouse of a goose, cruelly gifted with utterance during a severe paroxism of the hydrophobia....Is there no mad house in Salem where you can confine the creature, and keep him from pen and ink?.... He ought to have known himself better; but, as Persius says,

Nemo in sese tentat descendere, nemo;

no one endeavours to descend into himself, no one;....except a *tortoise.*

Charles river is a very fine river, I tell you again Roddy; and were it not for that river it would be all bare ground; but, even then the Mall of Boston would be the finest *walk* in the world....if there were *seats.*

[*Note, in midway by myself.*] The reader knows not the Rover family half so well as my-

self; it therefore is not to be wondered at that he is ignorant of the character of my great uncle Isaac.....The Hon. Isaac Rover Esq. (for he was formerly a member of the Senate of this State, then colony; and all Senators are honorable, whether from the county of Middlesex or Oxford) was born all about Boston, the same year that his father built the fence in front of the house; (which was pulled down long before my remembrance;) which, according to our family records, was in 1723.....My uncle Isaac has always told me he might have been born long before, but his father was an odd, inattentive man, and had not one child till he had been married nine years.

[*Note* FINAL, *for the present.* Lord bless us, the Printer informs me that the whole 24 pages are nearly finished already: who would have thought it? The sketch of Uncle Isaac's Life, and his Ramble, must be left for the next number.

"It must be so, Printer, thou reas'nest well:"

On my own account I care little about it, but the anxiety and wishes of my reader go to my heart strings. Let him, with me, succumb to the dispensations of fortune.

What can't be cured
Must be endured.]

ADVERTISEMENT.

We have had great difficulty in starting. We wished to find the great turnpike to Fame: we came where twenty roads met: there was a whirligig guide post, on the top of which was a vane, marked "To Fame, many miles:" it was turned with the wind: and, not knowing which way to steer, we turned into the woods, and are now trying a new path. All the beaten roads were forsaken; for I well remember what my Mother used to sing of a Sunday evening before prayers, when I was a boy.

Broad is the way that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But WISDOM is a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller:

such as myself, Brother Joe, Uncle Isaac and the rest of us.

With all our whims and eccentricities, we never heard it said of one of the family of the Rovers, that they were guilty of any profane, immoral or indecent expression. Our female relations are none of them addicted to slander, tho' some of them have tea parties: My Aunt Sally is a particular instance of this freedom from female backbiting.

Another thing should be remembered. We are no *daubers*. A person must have much merit before we yield one ounce of the plaster of praise. Truth, a freedom from envy or malice, are the grand characteristics of our family.

ANOTHER ADVERTISEMENT.

We ask no favours from correspondents, because there are very few can write like the ROVERS. However, if any of the sons or daughters of whim and sentiment, think they can amuse and profit; if we like their effusions they will be honored with insertion, and thanks will be given: but they must be "of the first water:" and that is not all: no communication, nor letter containing money for subscription, will be received unless post paid, to Messrs. *Etheridge* and *Bliss*, No. 12, Cornhill, as we told you before.—Your dull plodding communications (and the town is full of them) will be handed to the Printers' Devil, where alone they can be useful, in drying printers' balls by their blaze: and indeed they may be wanted, for Bidwell's Jacobin pamphlet, and that in favor of the re-election of Gov. Strong, are almost gone.

R. Rover, and others.

2nd copy. No. 1. ~~No. 3.~~

THE
THISTLE.

An original, periodical publication, whimsical, moral, satirical, poetical, comical, critical, and political:—Containing many things of which people in general would not think; and many of which no one but ourselves could think; nothing indecorous, libidinous, or libellous, but much to the contrary:—In short, to quote the often quoted expression of Horace, it is intended to do good in a good natured way, DELECTANDO PARITERQUE MONENDO——Any man, who does not like it, may pay for it and not read it; any man who is pleased with it, has the liberty of purchasing from one to an hundred copies, for the benefit of himself and family, as well as for the benefit of the authors, printers, publishers, and paper makers.

BY *RODERIC ROVER*, AND OTHERS.

SERMONE MODO TRISTI, SÆPE JOCOSO.

.....

To be a little serious, now and then,
Is well enough—but laugh whene'er you can.

At Home, 9 o'clock.

I RODERIC ROVER do solemnly declare that I now am, and for more than one hour last past, have been, in a state of great uneasiness and perplexity, arising not from my being in a strait between *two*, for that would be comparitively but a trifle; but I am in a strait between more than an *hundred*. The Irishman, who was troubled with the clamour of seven wives at once, was little less embarrassed than I am at this moment.

Author's Introduction.

A periodical publication is to be established: and the mountain difficulty, which I can neither raze nor pass, is the discovery of a suitable *title*. It is an all-important consideration—*dignus vindice nodus*—Help, PALLAS, help.

What is a book without a title? Without title what is man, that the multitude are mindful of him? What would be no small number of our 'Squires, and inferior Judges, our Captains, Colonels, and Generals, if cashiered of title, and left with a bare *Mister?*

Top of the State-House, 10 o'clock.

What a height. What a prospect! I look down even on attic stories. The man who never ascended this cupola has no taste for the Sublime and Beautiful. I wish no acquaintance with such a man. It is indeed doubtful in my mind whether that man can be trust worthy, who has so little regard for what is good, as to come within an hundred miles of this place, yet not come here, tho' he has money enough in his pocket to pay his expenses. Why, this must be the very place Shakespere had in his eye, when he spoke of the "highest heaven of invention;" and yet, on this very dwelling place of Invention herself, I am perplexed in the invention of a title, a name, a mere name.

I will set my eye "in a fine frenzy rolling." I will examine all out-doors, till I find some appropriate object, from which "imagination may body forth" sufficient similarities to justify its reception for the title of this intended work.

Author's Introduction.

And what do I see?—A Garden: but it is full of weeds, and the flowers are not. It won't do.

A Bee—it stings and has sweetness. But the devil of it is, those, who have gone before me, seem to have stolen my very best ideas from me—L'Abeille, the Wasp, the Hornet, are already the titles of books and papers—*Immitatores, servum pecus*—It won't do.

A Fly—dipping in every body's dish, biting every body's legs most *satirically*. It won't do.

Quere. Why has a fly *six* legs and only one pair of wings, while the eagle has but *two* legs to one pair of wings? St. Pierre says the fly needs four legs on which to stand, while she brushes her wings or washes her face with the other two: but, the eagle can stand on one leg, and scratch her head with the other.—Quere. Might not flies by perseverance be taught to walk on two legs? Memorandum. To ask *Jonathan Nichols* to write to his correspondent at Monticello, to know his opinion. Mem. To write to the Secretary of the Navy, to consider of the propriety of altering our national flag in all our seventy-fours, hundred gun, and other ships of the line; and paint the American Eagle with six legs, and ten talons to each: and thus frighten the Gallic Cock and the British Lion; give other nations an emblem of the spirit of our administration; and prevent saucy foreigners from ever again asserting that our Eagle has sore claws, or hides her talons in a napkin.

Author's Introduction.

A Wood—the unbending venerable oak of morality; the flowery locust of rhetoric; the cedar of stately sublimity. But this appellation has been used in old times and in new. Besides, wits may laugh and call it sterile pine plains, or North-Carolina barrens. Mem. To eulogize North-Carolina, in the course of this work, as the Athens of America, on account of Duncan McFarland, and their numerous orators, and poets, and divines, and lawyers, and historians; and on account of the excellency of their universities, and academies, and tar, and staves, and turpentine.—Quere. Is it not more dignified to say, Here comes Tom, and Dick, and Harry, and Tag, and Rag, and Bobtail; than in the simple stile of the vulgar to say, Here comes Tom, Dick and Harry, Tag, Rag and Bobtail? I'll ask the author of the Pursuits of Literature the very first time I see him; for much of his force is in AND.

The Mall—cool, refreshing, and pleasant; just as I mean to have the work. This will answer for the appellation during the summer, but in a strong winter northwester, it is cool enough to be sure, but not over pleasant and refreshing. It won't do.

Mem. This word Mall ought to be pronounced the same as Moll, in Moll Seagrim or Moll Pitcher. It is Mall, Maul, or Mawl, and signifies a club or bat. Our forefathers used to play, *under trees*, the game of Mall and Ball; the same game that the learned students of Harvard call *Bat and Ball*. In process of time the trees

under which they played were called Maul or Mall. This is certainly true and no joke, and we indubitably ought to sound it as we do the first syllable in *Molly*, when she is so far off that you can't make her hear. However—*de gustabus non disputandum*,—if you chuse to say Mal, you may shelter youself under the authority of custom. You may say *Con*-cordance in preference to Con-*cor*-dance, says Dr. South, but I don't like your ear. And I Roderic Rover, give any man liberty to say *Rep*-ertory instead of Re*per*-tory, but I don't like his ear. Besides, do you not perceive that by accenting the first syllable, you are obliged to sound more heavily on *Tory*, which gives it "an awful squinting" as Patrick Henry has it, which may be avoided in a great measure by accenting the proper syllable?

The River—

"The gentle Spenser, fancy's fav'rite son,
Who, like a copious *river*, pour'd," &c.—

Roderic Rover, fancy's pleasing son,
Who, like a copious river, pours, &c.

This sounds well—A river, if not a fresh water river, has *salt*, but not of the Attic kind; and a river is extremely *watery*.—It won't do.

Flower-basket. But I mean to have something beside flowers. There are too *flowery* titles already—a plenty. Anne Thology, Polly Anthus: I wonder that Sall Magundi, or Emme Rald, have not the flowers, to their names. Meggy Lanthos or *Megalanthos*, great flowers; this title would beat them all—It won't do—I must

have thorns and thistles as well as flowers.—— *Thistle*—THISTLE—THISTLE—It has the softness of down, and will prick till the blood comes. —It will do; it will do. The name shall be, THE THISTLE, unless Uncle Isaac or Cousin Sam, object. I'll hie me home and consult them. Mem. Not to forget, the next time I come here, to describe some of the beauties of this most beautiful prospect.

In the room of my Great Uncle } Isaac Rover, Esq. 12 o'clock. }

Uncle Isaac. Well, Roddy, where have you been?

Roderick, i. e. myself. Been in misery all the forenoon, but am now in happiness. I have stumbled on a title for my paper: the *Thistle.*

Uncle Isaac. I see more modesty than propriety in the appellation. And what is your motto? that of the Knights of the Thistle, nemo me impune lacessit?

Cousin Sam. Nemo me impune lacessit. That is, no man touches me without catching the Scotch fiddle. [And so saying he fled, more meagre and more hastily than the ghost of Hamlet; with his right hand scratching his left elbow, and his left hand scratching his right elbow.]

Uncle Isaac. What shall be done for that boy Sam? One half of the time at least he is out of his senses. He would make an excellent husband for Cowper's crazed Kate. I overheard him last night straddling about his bed chamber,

№ 4.

at 12 o'clock, delivering an oration supplementary to that of Mark Anthony over the body of Cæsar.—In his study the other day I saw a blank verse address to Gun-Boat No. I. It began :

Thy thunder vibrates on a pismire's ear,
But cannot start the tympanum from sleep, &c.

Yesterday I asked him to draw me a little cider. He was gone to the cellar nearly half an hour. He came to my room, put forth the mug for me to take; his hair hung over his nose ; he was pale ; and a tear stood in each eye. Though he went for cider, his thoughts were so absorbed by other considerations, that he offered me an empty mug. What the devil ails you now, Sam, said I to him. "I have seen," says he, "one of "the most melancholy and heart-rending sights ; "a poor unpropped, unsupported, unregarded, "unpatronised, unhappy, and, till now, unpitied "—Potatoe Vine, growing in the cellar, not two "feet from the cider barrel. I will write a "*Southey* ditty upon it."—He left the room ; and this morning showed me the following

.....

PATHETIC ADDRESS

To a POTATOE VINE, *growing in a Cellar.*

" Full many a flower is born to *blush*, *unseen*,
" And waste its fragrance on the desert air ;"
Saith the bard Gray—but thou, white vine, art *seen*,
And never shalt thou *blush* : like primrose pale,
" Thou diest unmarried, ere thou canst behold

Author's Introduction.

" Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
" Most incident to maids," as Shakespere saith.—
Yet, whether thou art male or feminine,
Unskilled in " loves of plants," I cannot tell ;
But leave this question of most deep concern,
To heads botanic, and posterity,
Who have, or may hereafter have, the power
To solve the high dispute.—Yet art thou pale;
And lean and lank as Eloisa ; she
That loved the love-*less* Abelard ; and hence
I deem thee female.—Yet thou too art wan,
Long, meagre, famine struck, like Honé : he,
Whom the tall sage that guides the nation's helm,
Hath late rewarded for the love he bore
To Washington, to virtue and to truth.—
Hence should I judge thee male—But let that go.

Nun-visaged 'Tatoe vine, who can thy lot
" Dry-eyed behold ?" Ah, had it been thy fate
To suck the lustful beams of noon-proud Sol,
Thou might'st have had both flowers, and offspring fair,
As e'er Hibernian palate cheered.—Alas,
I now perceive, between thy state and mine,
Resemblance mournful—each condemned to want.
Thou needst the cheering sunbeams, to bring forth
Thy flowers of nature and thy fruits of worth ;
I need, and much, a *golden* Phœbus too,
For flowers of poetry and fruits of worth.

But ere such days shall come, in this sad cell,
Declining drearily, shalt thou decay ;
And ere such days shall come, ah vile to tell,
In cold damp poverty I pine away.

Author's Introduction.

Some vine, that might have been the garden's pride,
Assuredly thou art now condemned to die ;
A " mute inglorious Milton," by thy side,
Shall I in sympathetic sorrow lie.

But, rhymes, away : Ill fit these jingling sounds
With theme and thought so mournful—Snowy vine,
My heartskin bursts with joy—I have a plan ;
Like all my plans benevolent, but this,
Unlike most others, I can put in force :
Come, I'll transplant thee from this damp obscure,
And 'twixt the pink and tulip place thy stalk.
For, beauteous as they are, their beauty's all :
But thou art useful ; and the great command,
For need of Irish and of other men,
" Increase and multiply," is not for them ; [vine,
Whom well the world might spare.—Yes, smockfaced
I'll do for thee what none for me will do ;
I'll be thy fost'ring kind Mecenas : thou
" Shalt live the lease of nature ; yield thy life
" To time and mortal custom :"—But, for me,
Alas, alas, alas, alas, alas,
No rich Mecenas yields a single sous,
To save me from sad cell of debtors' dome ;
To stop my hunger or regale my heart ;
To yield so much of competence and ease,
That I might eat and drink, and take my staff,
And wander with the worthies of the world,
Of old or modern time, the hill around
Of high Parnassus, till I find the seat
Of brightest bards, I fain would imitate.

Author's Introduction.

Mad wish. For me Mecenas there is none;
No, no, not one would give a single cent,
Cheap as it is, to save me from a jail.

Moon-colored plant, here pine not in despair:
I'll take thee to a garden, not my own,
For none I have:—and Homer too had none;
Less fortunate his fate than thine shall be—
Homer had none, nor lands, nor tenements,
Nor goods, nor chattels; yet he had a soul,
That fed itself with food, which miser minds
Nor taste nor dream of—He possest a wealth,
Which goods and chattels, lands and tenements,
Can never give: and tho' perhaps compelled
To labor with his hands for daily food
And daily sixpence; with that sixpence he
Could purchase bark and ink; and leave the world
Such legacies as lands and tenements,
And goods and chattels, could buy never.—Come
And by the western wall, in some spare spot,
Mid useless flowers, live, thrive; and in due time
Bring forth; and I will eat—Yes thou shalt thrive,
And I must pine, and pinch.—"Oh, oh, 'tis foul."

Since *Sam* has been in this crazy and melancholy way, I have been very uneasy. I fear he will never recover. He has a good disposition, good talents, has seen much, and has read much, and, what is more, tho't much: but ever since that fall he had from his horse, he has been more than half of the time deprived of his reason: and all that he says, does, or writes, is exactly in

the manner of a sick man dreaming.—Why, yesterday morning, before sunrise, I was waked by a loud noise in the garret. I went there, and the first thing I beheld was *Sam*, at one corner of the garret, on an old flour barrel turned bottom upwards, in the most Demosthenean, Ciceronian, Chatham-itical, John-Randolphitical manner, with the utmost pathos, giving the details of one of the longest propositions in Euclid.—"Draw the line K. L." was enforced with more feeling and emphasis than ever were exhibited on the theatrical boards of Boston or London.—Such a stare—such force—such emphasis—"Draw the line K. L."—Sam, Sam, said I, what are you doing?—"Mr. Fennel," said he, "does well in his way: but, you give him the last column of the last page of the advertisements of the Columbian Centinel, or a moving lemma of Enfield, or a tristful proposition of Euclid, and he is a mere baby."—He was in his hysterics—I left him; bolted the garret door and chamber door, and finished my rest.

Something, Roddy, must be done for Sam: but of this we will talk more another time.

The THISTLE; the title of your intended paper, is well enough. Mere names are of trivial value. If lead be called diamond it will shine no brighter; the brilliancy of a name will not convert brass to gold. I hope you will succeed, but I have my fears. Boston folks are fond of *letters*, I'll allow; but they are such as appear on a bank bill, or note of hand.

Witticisms and Criticisms.

My own room, 2 o'clock.

The title is fixed: a beginning proposed: I'll dine and do no more to day.—At present I can only say, that it appeared most poetically proper to "enter into the midst of things," (an expression of Milton, borrowed without credit from Horace's *in medias res*) and hereafter to honor the reader with an acquaintance with the whole family of ROVERS, here in town, and our country relations:—A comical race, but more particularly so my comically uncommon cousin *Sam Rover*.

THIS, THAT, AND T'OTHER;

WITTICISMS AND CRITICISMS.

* * * *

By JOE, my BROTHER,

Who has promised to render me *every assistance* in the world: and can I desire more of him?

* * * * * * * * * * * *

How much of Montesquieu's Spirit of Laws is written in detached *paragraphs?* Montesquieu was a great man;—and I, JOSEPH ROVER, will write in distinct paragraphs.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

I Shall write sometimes one, and sometimes an hundred lines, on any subject that comes into my head. I can't attend to any one thing long.—It was just so with my father—He never half fin-

ished any thing he was about—and hence I have often thought his carelessness, long before I was born, occasioned my being such a queer genius.

.....

What unnumbered improvements, inventions, and discoveries have there been since the golden age. I am always looking at the public good, wherever I go—I went to market the other day ; and observed the fishermen would hang 20 or 30 pounds of *Hallibut* by a mere thread of its *skin*. I reflected on the necessary toughness of the skin ; and queried with myself whether or not the skin of a Hallibut, and perhaps of some other fish, might not be *tanned* for *boots* and *shoes*—I thought I would consult Doctor Ewell's Discourses on Chemistry ; who somewhere speaks of a more cheap and easy method of tanning, than the usual way.

Did you ever read these Discourses ?—I presume you have ; for the Doctor declares you cannot justify, at the bar of Heaven, the neglect of purchasing the work, for your own good, and the good of your children, and grandchildren, and so on, quite to the tip end of the tail of posterity.—I understood nothing of chemistry ; so I read the book quite through, in order to obtain some knowledge of the subject, and I am now about as much acquainted with chemistry as I was before.—I remember, however, that common table salt, by way of simplifying, is called *Muriate of Soda*, potash is *alkali*, charcoal is *carbon*, diamond is *carbon*, and man is *carbon ;* therefore

man is diamond, and man is charcoal.—He goes on to reason and hope, that the time will, or may, or might come, when we shall be chrystalized, or diamonized, and live forever, soul and body, in great vitrified or diamonized houses—made of the *same materials*.

Nor is this all—we shall be able to obtain souls for new made men, without being indebted to Heaven for them.—Is this not rather blasphemous? But not for him perhaps: for, if I rightly recollect, an allusion is but *once* made to a Deity throughout the whole work; a work treating altogether of the mysterics, the wisdom, and the grandeur of the exhibitions of God.—It has a tinct of Atheism; of the new school;—But, as the Doctor is a young and very industrious man, I hope he will make many alterations, and some *omissions* in his next edition.

Now, as to the leather of Hallibut—I would have consulted some work on the subject of Tanning—

Yes, why not?—I have never seen any work of this kind; but such I hope and trust there are. What, shall we have vast different folio volumes on Cooking, with elegant plates of different courses, dishes, ducks, rabbits, cod, and turbot? What, shall we be entertained with eloquently written and highly instructive essays on the best mode of carving a turkey, or slicing beef a-la-mode? What, shall we have splendid engravings of these celebrated writers, who have lived a whole life in the kitchen of my Lord——*Blank*,

or the Prince of Wales; till they have become masters of the art of gormandizing, and are ready to astonish the literary world as authors..and authors indeed they are, in many a lady's library, more consulted than her bible...What, shall such works *be*, and authors on the necessary and useful art of tanning *be not?*..Yet I like to have my food simple, but *well cooked*...I don't get into a passion twice a year, except when victuals are spoilt by a bad cook.

Reader, whoever you are; and if you are a tanner, so much the better; if you have an inclination to try the experiment of making leather from Hallibut skin; (and *buckskin* gloves thick and soft, I am confident may be made;) you shall have half the profits arising from the patent of discovery..But I must have the whole of the honor. Thus, while Mr. Jefferson's whirligig chair, and Perkins' Tractors, and so forth, are becoming immortal; I can enjoy much honor and happiness by anticipating, in the two hundred and fiftieth volume of the Encyclopædia, for the year 2807, (250th volume; for knowledge will so increase that by that time there will be annually published on the first of January..(and they will make no more fuss about it then, than we do now publishing almanacs)..400 volumes of an Encyclopædia; and the letter R. will be in about the 250th volume.....There,....I've snarled up my meaning so much by these vexatious parentheses, (and parentheses are necessary and proper, notwithstanding the opinion of Dr. PEARSON) that I

fear I may as well begin again, after making the other part of the parenthesis, at a venture, right here)—In the year 2807, Encyclopædia, Vol. 250, under the letter R. "ROVER. Of this celebrated family, which flourished at the commencement of the nineteenth century, so many and so able biographies have been written, that it is unnecessary to say any thing: especially as their works are in the hands of every man, woman, and child, who have money to purchase them; and a taste for literature and humor, or a love for virtue."

"ROVER-LEATHER. One of the family just mentioned, the facetious JOSEPH ROVER, discovered the art of tanning the skin of Hallibut and other fish. Leather in a short time fell one half. Fleets were, as they still are, sent out annually, to catch Hallibut.....This was during the Presidency of one Jefferson; the same that discovered, by looking at the great gap in the Blue-Ridge, that "the mountains were made *first*, the rivers *afterwards* began to flow." This man, who was a great philosopher, and patron of genius, of all sorts, immediately sent to the first Rover leather manufactory established in Boston; procured a pair of these boots; which he constantly wore ever after; the tops of which exactly reached to the bottom of his much famed pair of red *quibus negatis doleat modestia.*——The example caught like wild fire; and not a family was without boots, shoes, gloves, buckets, saddles or something else, made of *Rover Leather.*

If two negatives make an affirmative, what will half a dozen negatives make?....A market woman going over Roxbury Neck, observed that she had l ft a box at some of the shops in town, the lid only being in the cart. She sent her husband back to enquire among a few shops where she must have left it. With an anxious inquisitive countenance he asked in several stores—— *Nobody does not know nothing about no box that nobody left here with no* kiver *on, as nobody knows on, does there?*

RODERICUS LOQUITUR.

So far had I proceeded when my friend I-RECTE, on whose knowledge of the town, good taste, and generally correct judgment, I much rely, called to see me. I stated to him my whole plan; the title of the intended work; the great assistance I expected from my relations, the whole family of ROVERS, who are all literary, "more or less," excepting one of them, who had never any thing to do with letters, but by purchasing, by virtue of his own execution, a poor printer's types; and one who was early taught to learn and to dread, the well known vowels I. O. U; and another who would have been a man of genius and letters, (for he can make five pair of women's shoes in a day,) had not his mother declared that as her oldest son had been bred up to college, had written poetry, studied law, been set in the pillory, and hung for using the *letters*

of another man's name; her other son should never learn a letter, but learn to make shoes. (This son is what is called a very respectable character, and a great politician; but the only instance of his knowledge of letters, of which I have ever heard, was his scratching the letter S on his oven-lid. On asking for what that character stood; for beanS, said he:—my little boy, who learns very fast, and who is so very sensible and forward, that I am "afeered" he won't live, says there is an S in beans—But S, I observed, is the *last* letter—Well, said he, the last shall be first: I know nothing about letters, and don't wish to: all your letter men are a pack of federalists.)

I showed my friend also three hundred and forty six paragraphs written by my brother JOE. The following dialogue ensued.

I-recte. It will never answer. Even your title is good for nothing. You ought to have had a sounding title, like "Thunder and Lightning;" or some terrible and blazing title, like "Mount Etna;" or some ecccentric title, like "Hiddle-ty-diddlety-piddlety;" something new, something catching. Salmagundi never would have "taken" were it not for its title.

Roderic. That's a falshood: excuse me, sir, but I cannot bear to hear men of genius, when that genius is well directed, spoken of in a light manner. Salmagundi has obtained circulation by its merit, not its name; by its wit, its tendency to correct manners, and expose foibles and vices.

I-recte. You ought to say much about the ladies....They have a great influence. They influence their husbands, many of them to *buy books;* and, in short, to do every thing they tell them to do.

Roderic. The ladies.....Can I live; and forget them?

I-recte. But you ought to introduce some *characters;* some history of some Boston female; let the name be starred *****. Tell some vile story of her, and you will have the whole town buying your pamphlet; for every body loves scandal.

Roderic. I hope I shall never seek a mouthful of bread nor a thimbleful of fame, by low and dishonorable literary tricks.....And, as to the ladies, you know they are, like the ladies of every place *on earth*, the very prettiest and the most virtuous of any ladies *in the world*.... I tell you most *emphatically*, I would not injure a hair of their *heads*....But some of their foibles, should I see any, I shall endeavour to correct in the most delicate, soft, and tender manner; so that they shall declare my Thistle, so far from *pricking*, is all *down;* and of course inoffensive.

I-recte. The people of Boston are called liberal; but they will not patronize you, unless you have something *striking*. And all depends on the first number. If they don't like that, they'll call it all trash and fiddle faddle, and you are upset as soon as you get into your carriage.

Roderic. I owe nothing to the people of Boston....(except some trifling debts, which I mean to pay as soon as the profits of the Thistle will allow it; and, if I don't, you know they can do without it, as they have done for years).... But the people of Boston, if they have any gratitude about them, will owe me something:.... And if they do not show their gratitude by buying the Thistle; I will show them that I am independent....I can obtain a clerkship in some bank or store, or I will write for the Chronicle, (as any trash will do there;) and then I'll write fine large folio volumes about certain persons in the town of Boston: they shall be more witty and severe than any thing Swift ever wrote; and I'll leave them in my will to my great grandson, (if I have any one before I die) to be published as soon as the present generation are all dead; and I'll assure you "their sons shall blush their fathers were *my* foes" But, if the town will use me well, and "do as they would be done by," it will be well for us both.

I-recte. But you must have some *characters*, some *portraits* of living persons, I tell you again. They will be sure to take.

Roderic. Why the whole family of the Rovers, with the exception of the one half of them, are biographers of public, private, and eccentric persons. My aunt Sally, the widow, has twenty three portraits of living persons in Boston, which she has woven into a novel, by way of episode; which novel she would have pub-

lished; but the booksellers, who you know do not read all the books in their stores, told her the rage had gone by, for reading Mrs. Ratcliff and Mrs. D'Aubney, and Mrs. Rowson: it was not worth their while to publish any more womanish novels---Of these portraits she has offered me fifteen, all about Boston folks---and when they are published in the soon to be celebrated Thistle, they will make some folks stare, and more laugh.

I-recte. And you must have much *local* matter.

Roderic. All affairs are *local* in the place *where they happen.* If you mean that something must be said about Boston affairs; I'll go directly to uncle Isaac and ask his advice and assistance.

UNCLE ISAAC's RAMBLE.

Instead of giving me any advice or opinion concerning characters, the old gentleman began with giving me a short history of his ramble in the morning.

Then it was, said he, half way between daylight and sunrise; I was half way between asleep and awake. I rose and drank my half pint of cider, then washed. Now,

Our good forefathers were such goats,
They washed their eyes before their throats;
But we, their sons, have grown so wise,
We wash our throats before our eyes.

Uncle Isaac's Ramble.

Did you ever before hear those lines? Your grandfather's grandfather, that is, my grandfather, told me, that he heard his grandfather repeat those lines when he was a boy: which proves that it must have been many long years ago that our ancestors washed before they drank.---The world, Roddy, is not growing worse and worse, every day; as many crimes were committed in it 4,000 years ago, as now.

I ordered my crutches, and hobbled up to the Common. Whoever gave that land to the town of Boston, to be used as a common *in perpetuum*, ought, Roddy, to have no paltry statue of gold, but one of solid diamond, as large as life: yet, tho' I have known it these eighty years I never yet heard who the donor was.

I have seen walks in all parts of the world, but I never saw one equal to that of the mall by the Common's side. That of St. James has a canal, but no large prospect, nor such a river as Charles; who is, at this moment, laboring to find his way into the country---which is very natural, you know; for many salt water creatures admire to snuff the fresh country air....Roddy, this is a fine river, and goes far into the country.... when the tide suits....yes,

There is a tide in the affairs of Charles
Which taken at the full leads on to—Watertown.

Roddy, in your Thistle, as you call it, don't forget to mention that there are *no seats* in the Mall

for lame old gentlemen like myself; nor for any who may wish to sit, after fatigue: this is a great oversight somewhere; and if the town will not provide seats, I'll have at least one made for myself; and I'll place it between the two trees that I helped to plant when I was 16 years of age.... There ought to be seats, Roddy; and there ought to be seats on Fort Hill....For the want of a seat I was obliged to give a little boy ninepence to bring me a chair on which to sit and rest myself. And there I read that confounded and confounding Sermon you lent me, spoken by your Salem Solomon, Parson Bentley. Roddy, what have I done to offend you, that you should insult me with the misery and vexation of reading it?....Why, it is the raving of the spouse of a goose, cruelly gifted with utterance during a severe paroxism of the hydrophobia....Is there no mad house in Salem where you can confine the creature, and keep him from pen and ink?.... He ought to have known himself better; but, as Persius says,

Nemo in sese tentat descendere, nemo;
no one endeavours to descend into himself, no one;....except a *tortoise.*

Charles river is a very fine river, I tell you again Roddy; and were it not for that river it would be all bare ground; but, even then the Mall of Boston would be the finest *walk* in the world....if there were *seats.*

[*Note, in midway by myself.*] The reader knows not the Rover family half so well as my-

self; it therefore is not to be wondered at that he is ignorant of the character of my great uncle Isaac.....The Hon. Isaac Rover Esq. (for he was formerly a member of the Senate of this State, then colony; and all Senators are honorable, whether from the county of Middlesex or Oxford) was born all about Boston, the same year that his father built the fence in front of the house; (which was pulled down long before my remembrance;) which, according to our family records, was in 1723.....My uncle Isaac has always told me he might have been born long before, but his father was an odd, inattentive man, and had not one child till he had been married nine years.

[*Note* FINAL, *for the present.* Lord bless us, the Printer informs me that the whole 24 pages are nearly finished already: who would have thought it? The sketch of Uncle Isaac's Life, and his Ramble, must be left for the next number.

"It must be so, Printer, thou reas'nest well:"

On my own account I care little about it, but the anxiety and wishes of my reader go to my heart strings. Let him, with me, succumb to the dispensations of fortune.

What can't be cured
Must be endured.]